ALL-NEW STUFF BY CUTI AND STATON
E-man
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COMICO
E-MAN 1
$2.50 U.S. $3.00 CAN.
THREE-ISSUE COLLECTOR'S SERIES
Staton

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THREE-ISSUE COLLECTOR'S SERIES

Staton

E*MAN

NOVA

VAMFIRE

MAUSER

TEDDY Q

STUFF SO FAR

Last issue's surrealistic fan-geek, Quark, left us in quite a warped state of disarray. The good news? Nova regained her powers and now our matter-rearranging trio, joined by everyone's favorite stoic P.I. and his furry sidekick, prepare for the ultimate lesson in personality—sha-doo-be, *shattered!*

If that's not enough to make you stop reading this and get on with the good stuff, stroll on over to Joe and Nick's Coffee Shop (last page and inside back cover) and eavesdrop on the chatter as the guys respond to letters from the *E-Man Special.* But stay away from the muck-encrusted brown stuff they call "coffee," and don't forget a tip for Teddy Q.

—Shelly

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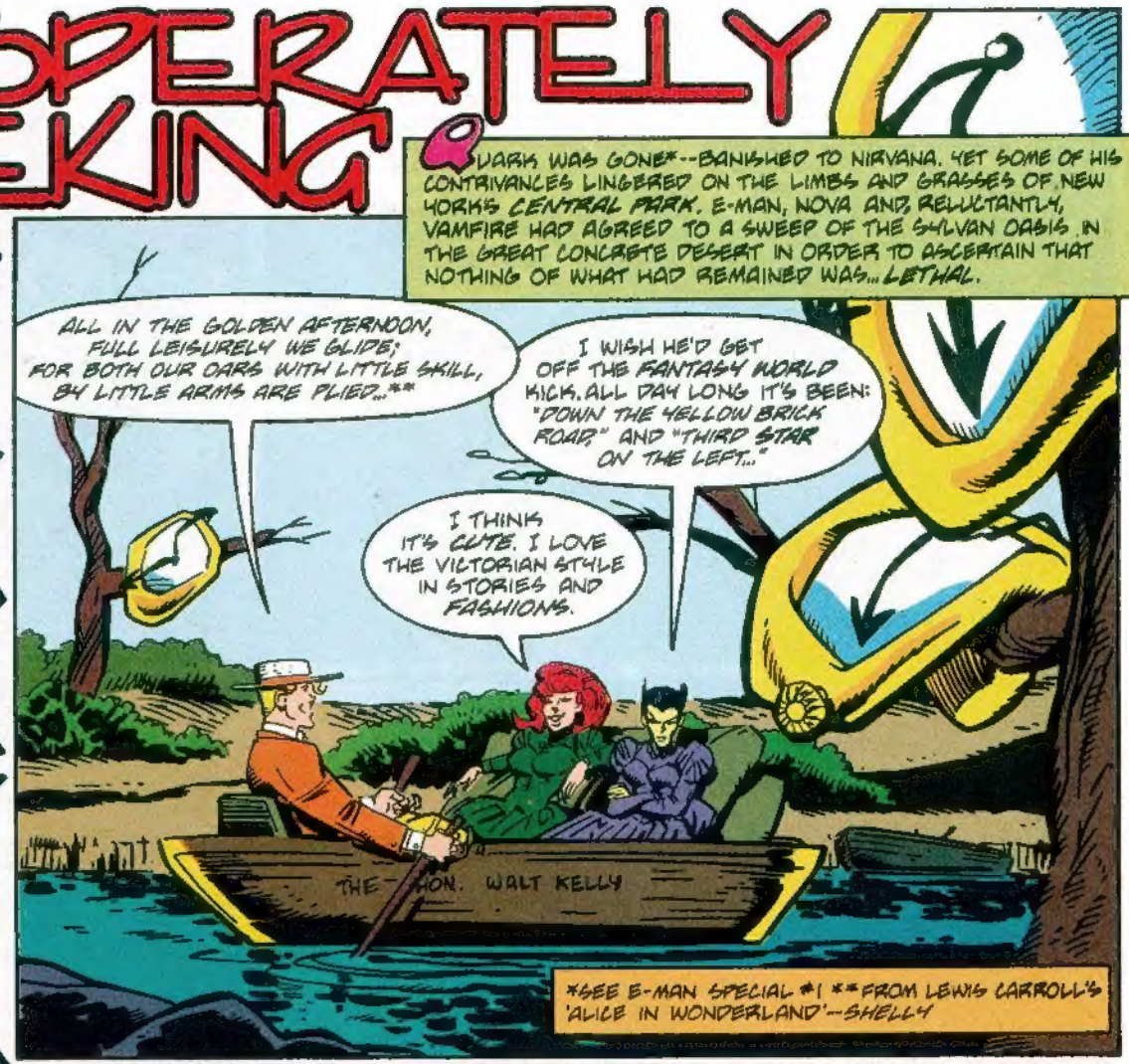
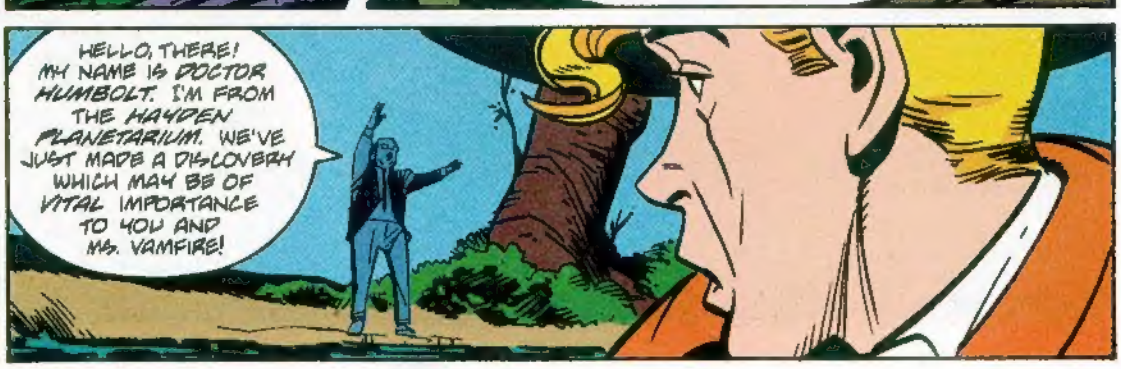
DESPERATELY SEEKING E*MAN


DARK WAS GONE*--BANISHED TO NIRVANA. YET SOME OF HIS CONTRIVANCES LINGERED ON THE LIMBS AND GRASSES OF NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK. E-MAN, NOVA AND, RELUCTANTLY, VAMFIRE HAD AGREED TO A SWEEP OF THE SYLVAN OASIS IN THE GREAT CONCRETE DESERT IN ORDER TO ASCERTAIN THAT NOTHING OF WHAT HAD REMAINED WAS... LETHAL.
ALL IN THE GOLDEN AFTERNOON, FULL LEISURELY WE GLIDE; FOR BOTH OUR OARS WITH LITTLE SKILL, BY LITTLE ARMS ARE PLIED..**
I WISH HE'D GET OFF THE FANTASY WORLD KICK. ALL DAY LONG IT'S BEEN: "DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD," AND "THIRD STAR ON THE LEFT..."
I THINK IT'S CUTE. I LOVE THE VICTORIAN STYLE IN STORIES AND FASHIONS.
THE HON. WALT KELLY
*SEE E-MAN SPECIAL #1 **FROM LEWIS CARROLL'S 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND'--SHELLY

SURE, BECAUSE IT SHOWS OFF YOUR AMPLE, HEAVING... HEART. WELL, I CAN DO BETTER, MISS "BUSTIER-THAN-THOU."
TOP THAT, DAH-LING.
I WOULD, IF I DIDN'T MIND WALKING AROUND ON ALL FOURS AND MOOING, SWEETIE.
RRRRROWRR!
HSST!
LADIES! BEHAVE YOURSELVES!
THERE'S A MAN TRYING TO GET OUR ATTENTION. THERE MAY BE TROUBLE IN THE PARK, SO WE'VE GOT TO BEGIN ACTING LIKE A TEAM.


HELLO, THERE! MY NAME IS DOCTOR HUMBOLT. I'M FROM THE HAYDEN PLANETARIUM. WE'VE JUST MADE A DISCOVERY WHICH MAY BE OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO YOU AND MS. VAMFIRE!

E*man

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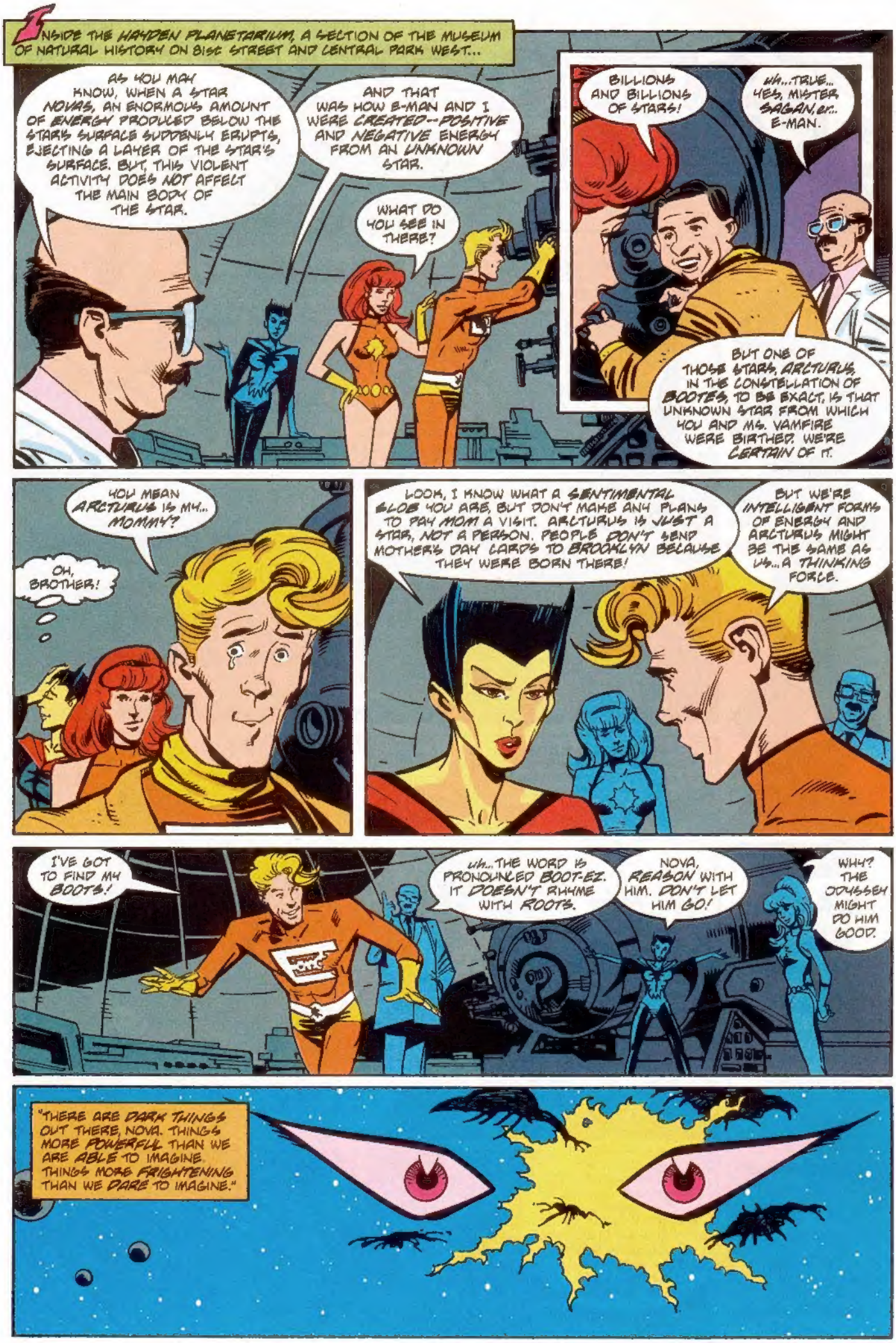
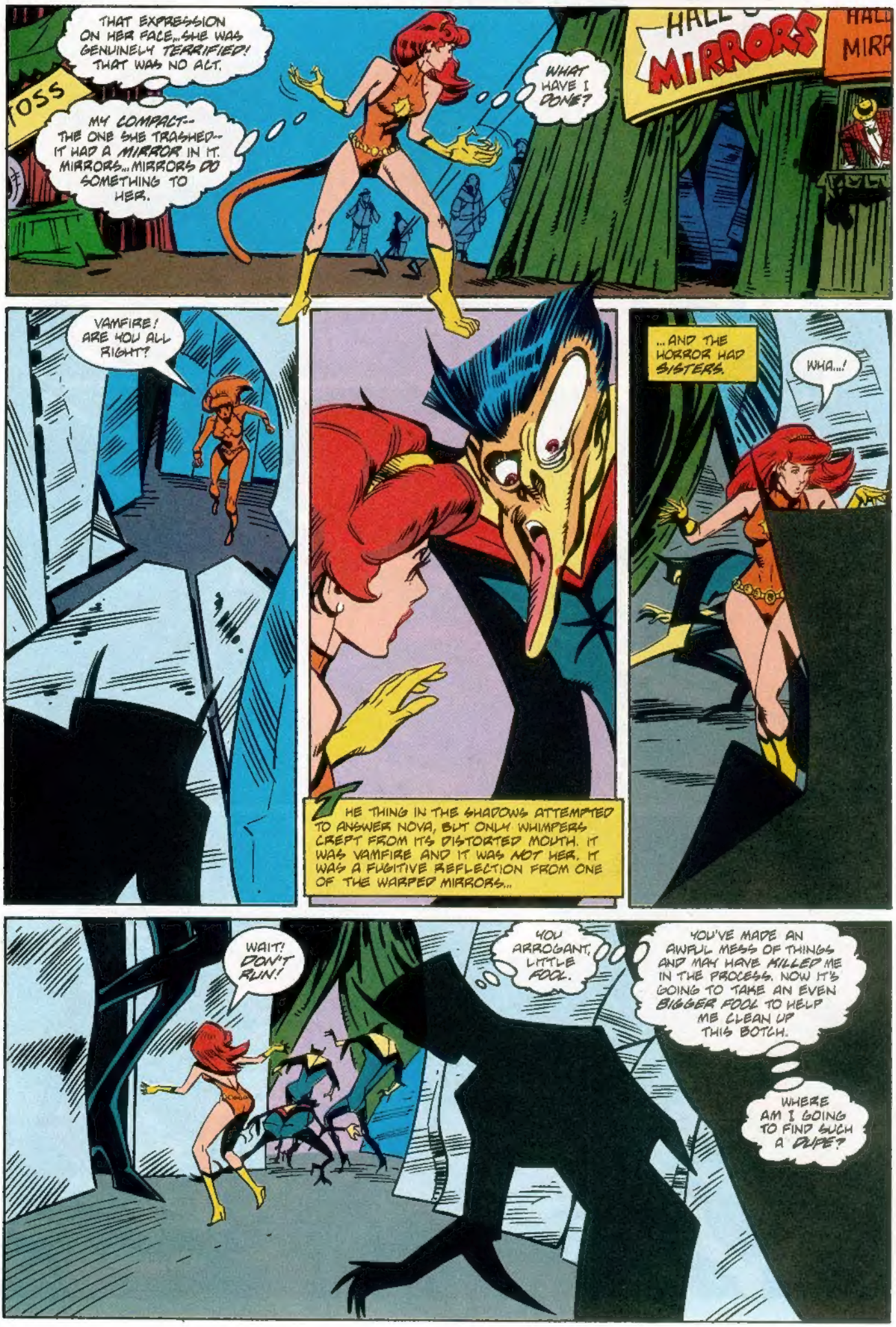
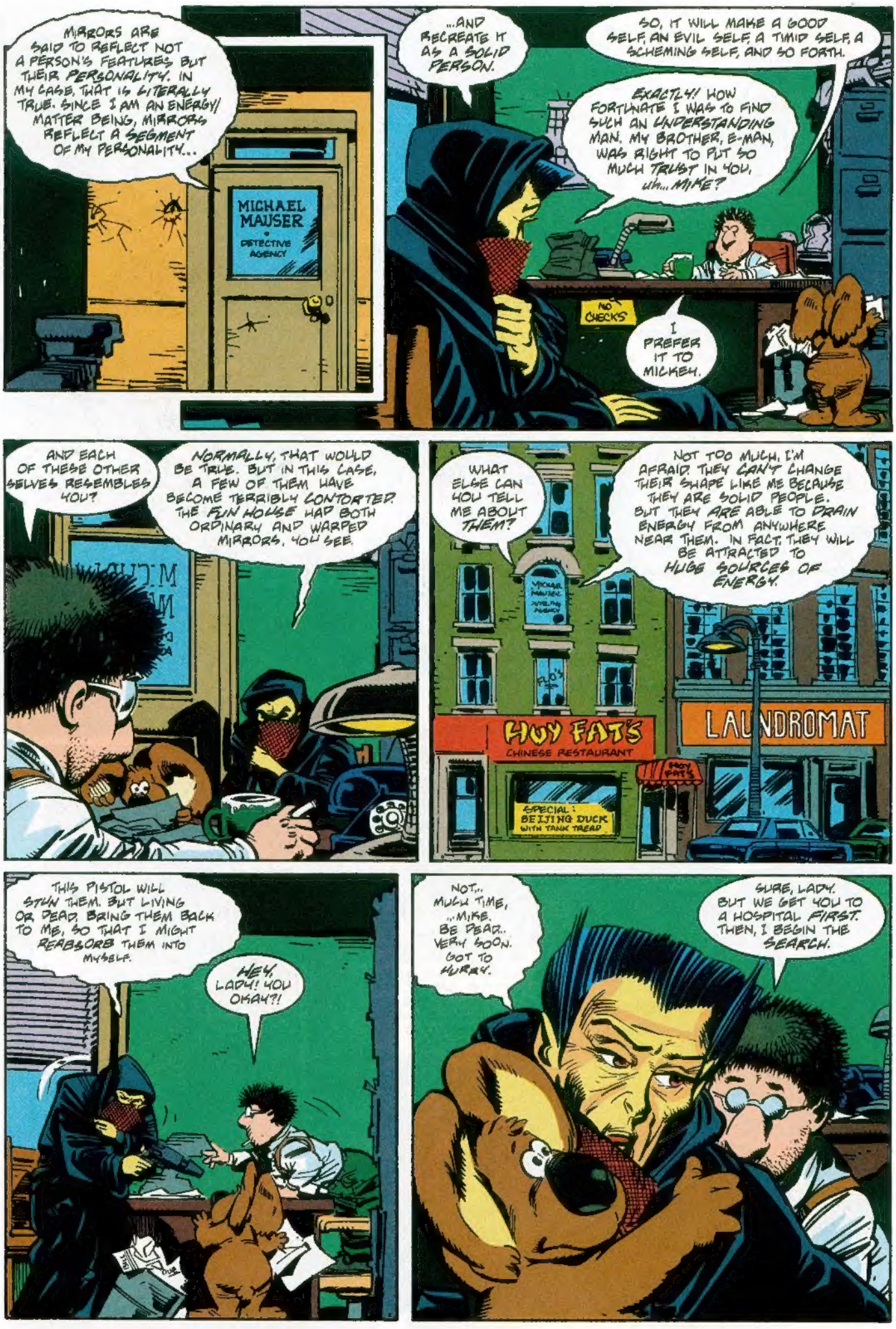

INSIDE THE HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, A SECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY ON 81st STREET AND CENTRAL PARK WEST...
AS YOU MAY KNOW, WHEN A STAR NOVAS, AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF ENERGY PRODUCED BELOW THE STAR'S SURFACE SUDDENLY ERUPTS, EJECTING A LAYER OF THE STAR'S SURFACE. BUT, THIS VIOLENT ACTIVITY DOES NOT AFFECT THE MAIN BODY OF THE STAR.
AND THAT WAS HOW E-MAN AND I WERE CREATED--POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE ENERGY FROM AN UNKNOWN STAR.
WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THERE?
BILLIONS AND BILLIONS OF STARS!
UH...TRUE... YES, MISTER SAGAN, er.. E-MAN.
BUT ONE OF THOSE STARS, ARCTURUS, IN THE CONSTELLATION OF BOOTES, TO BE EXACT, IS THAT UNKNOWN STAR FROM WHICH YOU AND MS. VAMFIRE WERE BIRTHED. WE'RE CERTAIN OF IT.
YOU MEAN ARCTURUS IS MY... MOMMY?
OH, BROTHER!
LOOK, I KNOW WHAT A SENTIMENTAL GLOB YOU ARE, BUT DON'T MAKE ANY PLANS TO PAY MOM A VISIT. ARCTURUS IS JUST A STAR, NOT A PERSON. PEOPLE DON'T SEND MOTHER'S DAY CARDS TO BROOKLYN BECAUSE THEY WERE BORN THERE!
BUT WE'RE INTELLIGENT FORMS OF ENERGY AND ARCTURUS MIGHT BE THE SAME AS US... A THINKING FORCE.
I'VE GOT TO FIND MY BOOTS!
UH...THE WORD IS PRONOUNCED BOOT-EZ. IT DOESN'T RHYME WITH ROOTS.
NOVA, REASON WITH HIM. DON'T LET HIM GO!
WHY? THE ODYSSEY MIGHT DO HIM GOOD.
"THERE ARE DARK THINGS OUT THERE, NOVA. THINGS MORE POWERFUL THAN WE ARE ABLE TO IMAGINE. THINGS MORE FRIGHTENING THAN WE DARE TO IMAGINE."

E-MAN, I KNOW I'M NOT A PART OF THE FAMILY SINCE I RECEIVED MY POWERS HERE ON EARTH,* BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!
AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, VAMFIRE IS MAKING SENSE!
SORRY, NOVA. THRILLED AS I AM THAT THE TWO OF YOU HAVE FINALLY AGREED ON SOMETHING, I GOTTA GO.
*SEE THE ORIGINAL E-MAN #8, "THE INNER SUN" -- SHELLY
BUT YOU TWO SHOULDN'T ALLOW THIS NEWFOUND CAMARADERIE TO WITHER. NOURISH IT AT THE CARNIVAL ON THE GREAT LAWN. HAVE FUN AND ENJOY EACH OTHER'S COMPANY, OTHERWISE I MAY NOT FIND AN EARTH WHEN I GET BACK.
PROMISE ME YOU'LL TRY TO BECOME FRIENDS.
OF COURSE, HONEY. BE CAREFUL AND DRIVE SAFELY.
YOU REALLY GAVE IT YOUR ALL, DIDN'T YOU, DEARIE? "AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT," "DRIVE SAFELY?" YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO LURE THE LUG AWAY FROM DANGER!
HE'S A BIG BOY WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.
KA-ZOOM!
I SAY WE TAKE IN THE CARNIVAL. FOR HIS SAKE, WE SHOULD MAKE AN ATTEMPT AT BECOMING PERSONA GRATA. IT WILL BE A NICE RETURN PRESENT FOR HIM.
HERE, WANT TO FIX UP YOUR FACE BEFORE WE GO?
ZZZTSS!
SO, ARE YOU COMING? I WANT TO GET TO THE CARNIVAL BEFORE THEY RUN OUT OF ROCKY ROAD ICE CREAM!

They resisted the music of the calliope bounding from the carousel, and sneered at the papier-mâché clown faces until one of them let out a flint spark of a laugh which ignited the other's laughter. Thus infected, they couldn't stop.
HEY, LADY! HER SUPPOSED TA USE DA RIFLE.
KEEP THE DOLL, CIGAR-BREATH. I WAS ONLY SHOWING OFF.
FANTASTIC SHOOTING, NOVA!
4 SHOTS $1
YOU KNOW, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, NOVA, BUT I'M HONESTLY HAVING A GREAT TIME WITH YOU.
YOU'RE NOT THE STUCK-UP, COLLEGE PREPPIE I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE.
HALL OF MIRRORS
THANKS... I THINK.
AH, THERE'S A PLACE I'VE BEEN WANTING TO VISIT.. THE HALL OF MIRRORS.
THAT'S...UH, NOT FOR ME. YOU KNOW HOW WE VAMPIRES FEEL ABOUT MIRRORS.
OH, COME ON, VAMFIRE! DON'T SPOIL THINGS NOW. YOU'RE NOT A REAL VAMPIRE. IT'S DAYTIME AND HERE YOU ARE. YOU DON'T SLEEP IN A COFFIN, AND YOU'RE FOREVER TURNING UP IN PLACES YOU'RE NOT INVITED.
SO CUT OUT THE ACT AND LET'S GO INSIDE.
NO! SSSITS!

SSSSSSST!
I TOLD YOU--
NO! RRROWRR!
DART TOSS
RRROWR!
SLASH!
R.I.P!
CRASH!
PLEEEEEEEASE!


THAT EXPRESSION ON HER FACE...SHE WAS GENUINELY TERRIFIED! THAT WAS NO ACT.
MY COMPACT--THE ONE SHE TRASHED--IT HAD A MIRROR IN IT. MIRRORS...MIRRORS DO SOMETHING TO HER.
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
MIRRORS
VAMFIRE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THE THING IN THE SHADOWS ATTEMPTED TO ANSWER NOVA, BUT ONLY WHIMPERS CREPT FROM ITS DISTORTED MOUTH. IT WAS VAMFIRE AND IT WAS NOT HER. IT WAS A FUGITIVE REFLECTION FROM ONE OF THE WARPED MIRRORS...
...AND THE HORROR HAD SISTERS.
WHA...!
WAIT! DON'T RUN!
YOU ARROGANT, LITTLE FOOL.
YOU'VE MADE AN AWFUL MESS OF THINGS AND MAY HAVE KILLED ME IN THE PROCESS. NOW IT'S GOING TO TAKE AN EVEN BIGGER FOOL TO HELP ME CLEAN UP THIS BOTCH.
WHERE AM I GOING TO FIND SUCH A DUPE?


MIRRORS ARE SAID TO REFLECT NOT A PERSON'S FEATURES BUT THEIR PERSONALITY. IN MY CASE, THAT IS LITERALLY TRUE. SINCE I AM AN ENERGY/MATTER BEING, MIRRORS REFLECT A SEGMENT OF MY PERSONALITY...
MICHAEL MAUSER
DETECTIVE AGENCY
...AND RECREATE IT AS A SOLID PERSON.
SO, IT WILL MAKE A GOOD SELF, AN EVIL SELF, A TIMID SELF, A SCHEMING SELF, AND SO FORTH.
EXACTLY! HOW FORTUNATE I WAS TO FIND SUCH AN UNDERSTANDING MAN. MY BROTHER, E-MAN, WAS RIGHT TO PUT SO MUCH TRUST IN YOU, UH... MIKE?
NO CHECKS
I PREFER IT TO MICKEY.
AND EACH OF THESE OTHER SELVES RESEMBLES YOU?
NORMALLY, THAT WOULD BE TRUE. BUT IN THIS CASE, A FEW OF THEM HAVE BECOME TERRIBLY CONTORTED. THE FUN HOUSE HAD BOTH ORDINARY AND WARPED MIRRORS, YOU SEE.
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THEM?
NOT TOO MUCH, I'M AFRAID. THEY CAN'T CHANGE THEIR SHAPE LIKE ME BECAUSE THEY ARE SOLID PEOPLE. BUT THEY ARE ABLE TO DRAIN ENERGY FROM ANYWHERE NEAR THEM. IN FACT, THEY WILL BE ATTRACTED TO HUGE SOURCES OF ENERGY.
HUY FAT'S
CHINESE RESTAURANT
SPECIAL: BEIJING DUCK WITH TANK TREAD
LAUNDROMAT
THIS PISTOL WILL STUN THEM. BUT LIVING OR DEAD, BRING THEM BACK TO ME, SO THAT I MIGHT REABSORB THEM INTO MYSELF.
HEY, LADY! YOU OKAY?!
NOT... MUCH TIME, ...MIKE. BE DEAD.. VERY SOON. GOT TO HURRY.
SURE, LADY. BUT WE GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL FIRST. THEN, I BEGIN THE SEARCH.

AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, BETWEEN FIRST AND ROOSEVELT...
I'VE NEVER RUN ACROSS A METABOLISM LIKE HERS. ABOUT THE ONLY THING I KNOW FOR CERTAIN IS THAT SHE'S DYING, AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN TO HELP HER.
YOU AND ME BOTH, DOC.
STAY WITH HER, TEDDY.
DOC, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE I MIGHT FIND... HUGE SOURCES OF ENERGY... WOULD YOU?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WOULD!
THOUGH THE NIGHT WAS MOONLESS, THERE WAS NO DARKNESS IN CENTRAL PARK THAT EVE THE TREES BLAZED WITHOUT BEING CONSUMED BY THE TRENCHANT CONFLAGRATION BOOMING AND BURNING FROM THE CENTER OF THE NORTH MEADOW. AND WEAVING THROUGH THE CROWDS THAT WERE A PART OF THE GREAT PYRE, WAS... MAUSER.
EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU SUSAN?
THEY SAY THAT SOMETIMES A CRIMINAL STAYS CLOSE TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, BUT THIS IS ONE L-O-O-O-NG SHOOO-- HELLOOO- THERE!
IF SHE'S NOT ONE OF THE GALS I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL EAT MY TRENCH COAT, BELT AND ALL.
I WONDER IF THAT WOULD GIVE ME TRENCH MOUTH?

PARDON ME, MISS. I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AND I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU CONCERNING A MISSING PERSON.
OH, WOW! LISTEN, EVEN IF I DID CONVERSE WITH CREEPOS THEY WOULD BE CREEPOS MY OWN AGE. MAKE LIKE YOU'RE LESS THAN ZERO, MISTER SENIOR CITIZEN CREEPO.
WELL, NOW THAT'S A FINE POLICY, BECAUSE I HAVE A LITTLE GADGET HERE DESIGNED TO AGE YOU REAL FAST! ONE POP FROM JUNIOR AND WE'LL BOTH BE SUCKING ON A BOILED OATS BREAKFAST. LET'S GO FOR A WALK.
HEY! WHAT IS THIS?
THAT GUY'S GOT A GUN!
YOU THERE, STOP!
I'M TAKING YOU TO MAMMA VAMPIRE AND YOU KNOW IT. CALL OFF THE THUGS AND WE'LL DO A DEAL, OR ELSE WE ALL CLOSE OUR BOOKS RIGHT HERE.
IT'S OKAY. HE'S MY HUSBAND!
MAN, I'M LOSIN' THE JUICE. LET ME GO BACK TILL I'M GOOD AND SLAKED. THEN I'LL GO WITH YOU, 'KAY?
DID SHE SAY... HUSBAND?
WEIRD CHICK
NO WAY. YOU'RE GOING TO BIRD-DOG THE OTHER VAMPIRES FOR ME AND AS A REWARD, YOU GET TAKEN IN LAST.
YOU SERVE UP HOBSON'S CHOICE WHICH IS NO CHOICE AT ALL. YOU GOT YOURSELF A BIRD DOG, MISTER P.I. ..
...A BIRD DOG NAMED VALENTINE, JUST VALENTINE.
VELMA, JUST VELMA, MISTER BOAR.

I USUALLY DON'T HIRE A PERSON WHO SHOWS UP WITHOUT REFERENCES. BUT YOU PASSED ALL THE TESTS BRILLIANTLY AND YOU DO HAVE CERTAIN RARE QUALITIES WHICH I REQUIRE.
THANK YOU, MISTER BOAR.
I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND ME SAYING THIS, BUT YOU ARE NOT WHAT I EXPECTED
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING OF MY FATHER, SAMUEL BOAR SENIOR.
HE'S IN PRISON DOING A 20-YEAR TERM DUE TO AN UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER WITH E-MAN. I RUN THE BUSINESS NOW AND I RUN IT DIFFERENTLY
PLEASE FORGIVE MY IMPUDENCE. UH... IF I STILL HAVE THE JOB, I ASSUME I START IN THE MORNING.
YOU BEGIN NOW, VELMA. AS OF FIVE MINUTES AGO, YOU ARE MY PRIVATE SECRETARY, AND SINCE I AM EN ROUTE TO INSPECT ONE OF MY POWER PLANTS, YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME.
CERTAINLY, MISTER BOAR
THINGS SURE DO HAPPEN FAST AROUND HERE.
MISTER BOAR, YOUR WIFE IS ON THE PHONE FROM PARIS.
TELL THAT BIT... TELL HER YOU MISSED ME, SHARLET.
AS YOU WISH, MISTER BOAR.
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, MRS. BOAR, BUT YOU JUST MISSED HIM.
I DO THAT A GREAT DEAL, DON'T I, SHARLET?

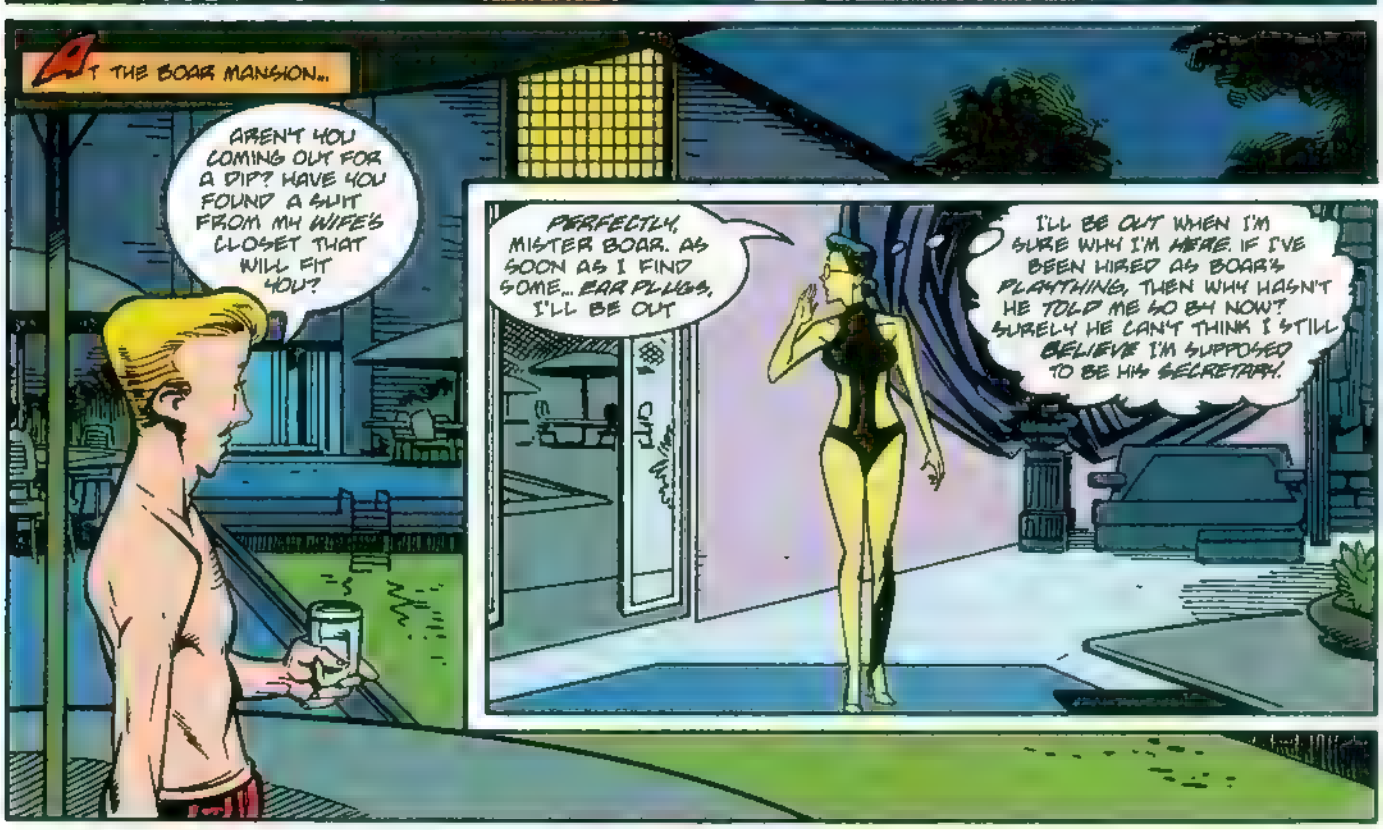
THE BOAR ELECTRICAL PLANT AT WEST SHOKEN...
BOAR INDUSTRIES INC.
CAN YOU FEEL THE AIR SCINTILLATING FROM THE VOLTAGE OF THE TURBINES? IT IS LIKE THE EFFERVESCENCE FROM A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.
THOUGH MY FATHER AND I ARE VERY DIFFERENT, WE DO SHARE A FASCINATION WITH POWER!
MISTER BOAR, I HAVE THOSE COMPLETED PLANS ON THE PLANT EXPANSION.
AH, YES. WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME, VELMA? I'LL ONLY BE A MOMENT.
YOU HAVEN'T THE OBSESSION WITH POWER EQUAL TO MINE. IT IS MY LIFE'S BLOOD. IT IS THE ELIXIR WHICH FILLS THE GRAIL OF MY BODY.
IN TIME, MISTER BOAR, I WILL DRAIN YOUR FACTORIES DRY!
JEEZ! THAT'S SOME ENERGY DROP! IT'S AS IF EVERYONE IN THE CITY WHO OWNS AN AIR CONDITIONER SUDDENLY TURNED THE DARN THINGS ON AT THE SAME TIME.
ALL FINISHED.
NOW LET'S GET YOU TO SAKS ON FIFTH AVENUE AND BUY YOU SOME PROPER OUTFITS. I CAN'T HAVE MY NEW, PRIVATE SECRETARY WEARING OFF-THE-RACK, BARGAIN BASEMENT RAGS.
MY BOSS IS GOING TO BUY ME EXPENSIVE CLOTHING? WHAT IS GOING ON HERE? AM I THE HUNTER OR THE PREY?

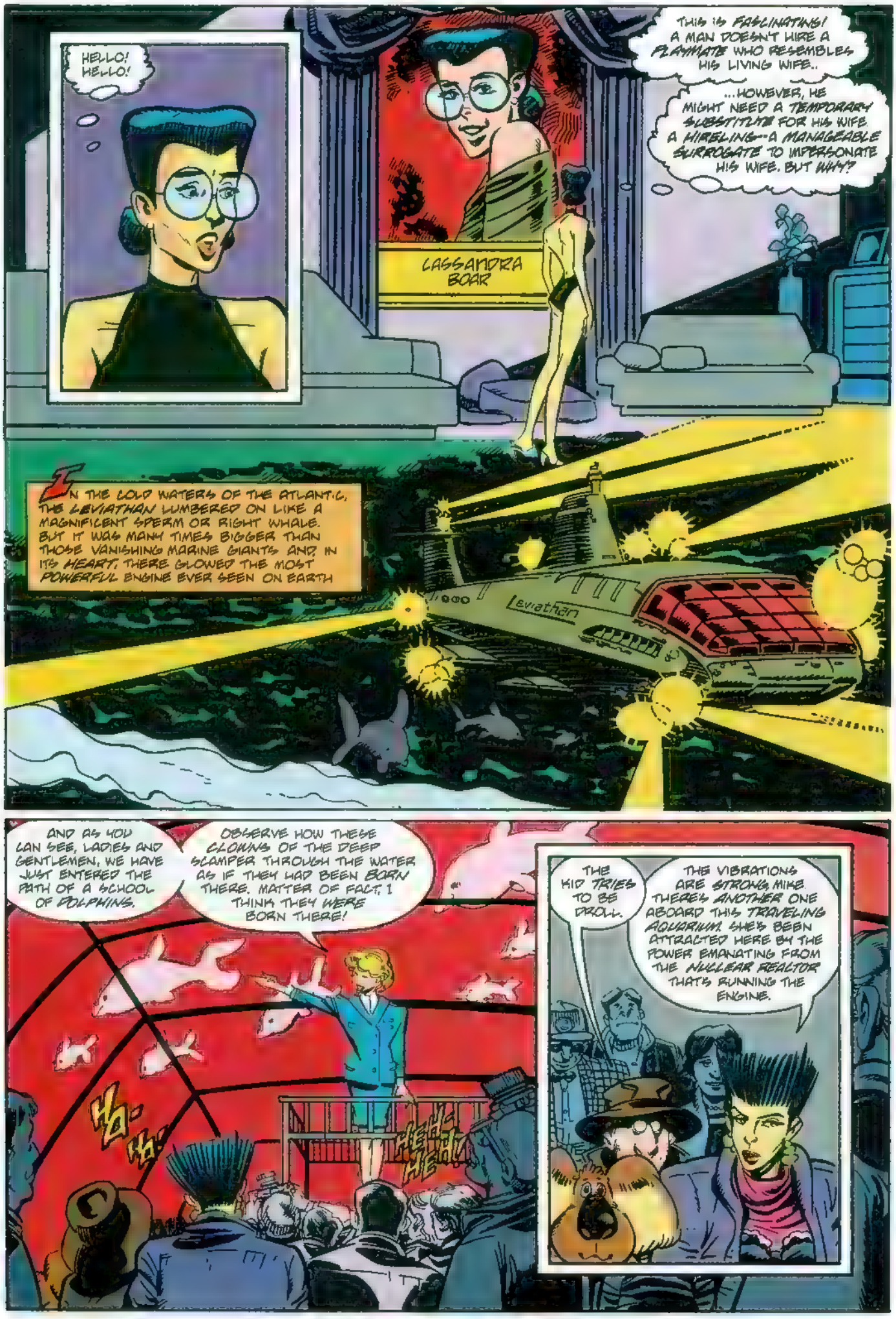
THIS IS GILLETTE, WYOMING. WHERE ARE THE COWBOYS AND CATTLE RANCHES? THEY'RE STILL HERE BUT THE RANCHES ARE GETTING SMALLER AND THE COWBOYS SHARE THEIR PLACES AT THE BAR WITH COAL MINERS. GILLETTE IS ALSO SECOND IN THE NATION'S SUPPLY OF URANIUM AND BUBBLING WITH BLACK GOLD--OIL!
BUT WHEN IT'S LATE AT NIGHT AND TIME FOR RECREATION, YOU CAN'T TELL THE MINERS FROM THE COWBOYS.
HONKY TONK DIVE
ROTARY MEETING MON.
FORD
THIS AIN'T GOING TO WORK, VAL.
YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT UNDERCOVER, MIKE. THESE GOOD OLE BOYS WON'T RAP TO A DUDE WEARING A TRENCH COAT AND TALKIN' LIKE HUH JUG' CAME FROM TOIDY-TOID STREET. SO GET WITH IT, 'KAY?
HOWDY, SOD-BUSTERS AND SOD-BUSTERETTES. I'M BIG BART MAUSER, JUST IN FROM THE DOUBLE M RANCH. MY MOUTH'S AS DRY AS A DESERT RAVINE SO DON'T NO COWPOKE GET BETWEEN ME AND A SHOT O' REDEYE.
I THINK YOU'RE OVERDOING IT JUST A TEENSY BIT, MIKE.
POWERFUL, INTERESTING CONTRAPTION. WHAT'S IT CALLED?
THAT'S THE BULL.
YOU FIXIN' FER A SHOOT-OUT, PODNAH? SURE HOPE YOU GOT A BUNTLINE HOG'S LAIG IN YOUR BELT, CAUSE THAT'S THE ONEY THAING KIN OUTSHOOT MY IRON.
I THINK HE MEANT THAT THE "CONTRAPTION" IS CALLED A BULL, DIDN'T YOU MISTER?
YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I MEANT IT'S AN ELECTRIC BULL

SORRY, POP. BEEN CHOMPIN' ON TOO MUCH LOCO WEED!
ANYONE GO THE DISTANCE YET?
NOT YET. BUT THERE'S THIS SKINNY GAL WHO CAME MIGHTY CLOSE.
THERE SHE IS--AIMIN' FOR ANOTHER TRY.
STRANGE LOOKING GAL.
JUST BECAUSE SHE'S THIN DOESN'T MEAN...
NO, NO. 'TAIN'T THAT. IT'S HER FACE. IT'S KINDA TWISTED OR SOMETHING, LIKE SHE'S BEEN IN SOME SORTA ACCIDENT.
MIKE, IT'S ONE OF THEM! I KNEW MY FEELINGS WERE RIGHT
SHE'S GOING INTO A FRENZY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS BUILDING BEFORE SHE GOES TOO FAR!
HANDS OFF, GAL. AH CAM HERE TA BRING HER IN, AN' THAT'S WHUT AH'M 'BOUT TA DO!
LATER, MIKE! LATER!
KA-FLOOMB!
KER-A-ZAH!

I THINK SHE ONLY INTENDED TO DRAIN THE BULL OF ENERGY, BUT ONCE SHE STARTED SHE COULDN'T HELP HERSELF. SHE WENT... CRAZY.
IT'S QUIET IN THERE NOW. IN FACT, IT'S A LITTLE..
...TOO QUIET!

OH, LORD! THIS PLACE IS DRIER THAN A WELL-MIXED MARTINI!
YEAH, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT SHE REALLY MADE A PIG OF HERSELF.
!
HIGHUP!


AT THE BOAR MANSION...
AREN'T YOU COMING OUT FOR A DIP? HAVE YOU FOUND A SUIT FROM MY WIFE'S CLOSET THAT WILL FIT YOU?
PERFECTLY, MISTER BOAR. AS SOON AS I FIND SOME... EAR PLUGS, I'LL BE OUT
I'LL BE OUT WHEN I'M SURE WHY I'M HERE. IF I'VE BEEN HIRED AS BOAR'S PLAYTHING, THEN WHY HASN'T HE TOLD ME SO BY NOW? SURELY HE CAN'T THINK I STILL BELIEVE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HIS SECRETARY.


HELLO! HELLO!
THIS IS FASCINATING! A MAN DOESN'T HIRE A PLAYMATE WHO RESEMBLES HIS LIVING WIFE..
...HOWEVER, HE MIGHT NEED A TEMPORARY SUBSTITUTE FOR HIS WIFE. A HIRELING--A MANAGEABLE SURROGATE TO IMPERSONATE HIS WIFE. BUT WHY?
CASSANDRA BOAR
IN THE COLD WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC, THE LEVIATHAN LUMBERED ON LIKE A MAGNIFICENT SPERM OR RIGHT WHALE. BUT IT WAS MANY TIMES BIGGER THAN THOSE VANISHING MARINE GIANTS AND IN ITS HEART, THERE GLOWED THE MOST POWERFUL ENGINE EVER SEEN ON EARTH
Leviathan
AND AS YOU CAN SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE JUST ENTERED THE PATH OF A SCHOOL OF DOLPHINS.
OBSERVE HOW THESE CLOWNS OF THE DEEP SCAMPER THROUGH THE WATER AS IF THEY HAD BEEN BORN THERE. MATTER OF FACT, I THINK THEY WERE BORN THERE!
HA-HA!
HEH-HEH-HEH!
THE KID TRIES TO BE DROLL.
THE VIBRATIONS ARE STRONG, MIKE. THERE'S ANOTHER ONE ABOARD THIS TRAVELING AQUARIUM. SHE'S BEEN ATTRACTED HERE BY THE POWER EMANATING FROM THE NUCLEAR REACTOR THAT'S RUNNING THE ENGINE.

AT THE WHALER'S CHOICE RESTAURANT/LOUNGE...
FISH! FISH! FISH! I HATE FISH. BRING ME A LIVERWURST AND ONIONS ON RYE. LOTS OF MUSTARD.
THE ONLY LIVER WE HAVE IS COD LIVER, SIR.
FINE, THEN SPREAD IT ON WATERCRESS INSTEAD OF RYE.
FISH FISH MORE FISH
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TOSSING ME-- IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION--A RED HERRING! I CAN'T WALK OUT IF I FIND YOU'VE GONE BACK TO THE OTHER SIDE
I'M BEING STRAIGHT WITH YOU. SEE, I'VE EVEN LOPPED THE PLANS FROM THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN ON HOW TO GET INTO THE NUCLEAR FILE. THAT'S WHERE SHE'LL BE!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, KID? YOU'RE BETRAYING YOUR OWN KIND AND GIVING UP YOUR CHANCE FOR FREEDOM BY HELPING ME.
I...I GOT CAUGHT UP IN IT. DON'T GIVE ME TOO MUCH OF A CHANCE TO THINK ABOUT IT, OR ONE DAY YOU'LL TURN AROUND AND I WON'T BE THERE
I DON'T THINK THAT WILL HAPPEN, VAL.
HEY! WHAT THE...!
IT'S HER! SHE'S MADE HER WAY TO THE REACTOR AND SHE'S BLEEDING THE ENGINES DRY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER!
THIS WAY! I MEMORIZED HOW TO GET THERE.
YOU TWO, WAIT! PASSENGERS AREN'T ALLOWED IN THAT SECTOR!
REACTOR

I'M ALL RIGHT! DON'T STOP!
AAAHHOO-GAH!
WHAM!
OWW!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUDDY.
TTTZZZNG!
WHAP!
SCREEE!

HYPE PAGE

SUBMITTED FOR OUR APPROVAL

Submissions are a significant part of COMICO's daily mail, but an average of 50 to 80% of them arrive *incomplete* in some manner. Therefore, most submissions don't even make the first cut. That's a shame But take heart! I'm here to give you a few pointers to help hone your submissions skills so that maybe one day, you'll get your first shot at becoming a comics pro.

First some general comments:

• I strongly suggest before sending us anything, that you write and request a copy of our *submission guidelines.* The guidelines will explain how to prepare your samples for evaluation. Please remember to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (S.A.S.E.) when requesting the guidelines.

• Limit all submissions to a maximum of *five pages.* The 'Reader's Digest' version helps us determine a person's proficiency at a glance.

• Choose only the *best* examples of your most recent work. A borderline piece will detract from the overall impact of your submission.

• Identify all submissions material with your name, address, and phone number.

• Always include a #10, self-addressed, stamped envelope (S.A.S.E.) with U.S. postage. This will ensure a response. If you would like your entire package sent back, include a larger envelope. Submissions without sufficient postage cannot be returned.

• Most importantly, be patient! The submissions process, although important, is secondary to our main function — publishing. Please allow *at least* six weeks for a response.

Now, some specific "do's and don'ts" for individual areas of expertise.

WRITERS

• *Never* hand-write manuscripts— always type them. Use double-spacing.

• Limit script samples to five pages. Do not send entire scripts for review.

ARTISTS

• *Never* send original art. COMICO cannot be held responsible for any loss or damage. Send photocopies of your work.

• Pencil samples should showcase your storytelling ability. Sequential art is the emphasis. Pinups do not display storytelling expertise.

• Tracing or 'swiping' another artist's work is easily recognizable. Don't just trace your favorite superhero comic and change the costumes. We want to see *your* unique storytelling style, *not* someone else's.

• Inkers: we can only evaluate your embellishing skills if you include copies of the original pencils you have rendered.

LETTERERS

• Balloons and captions are the bulk of a letterer's work, but you should also include some examples of sound effects and title lettering to showcase your versatility.

• Letterers should always take care when defining balloon *shapes.* Hand-drawn balloons are acceptable only if you have the necessary control; otherwise, invest in a set of ellipse or circle templates.

COLORISTS

• Submit samples of either full-process or indicated (flat) color separation.

• Indicated color samples should be coded accordingly. Label surprints (color holds) and airbrush graduations as well as the standard colored areas.

• Don't try and *dazzle* us by throwing every effect in the book on each page. Showing a command of color theory and balance will impress us more

The list of "do's and don'ts" can be intimidating. Even if you follow everything to the letter, be aware of the long, hard climb you have ahead. The business is full of overnight success stories that are the products of years of hard work. But who knows? With some hard work and determination, your name may one day see print in the credit box on page one. Good luck!

Rick Taylor
Art Guy

STAFF

Gerry Giovinco
Dennis LaSorda
Phil LaSorda
Publishers

Rick Taylor
Art Director

Shelly Roeberg
Editorial Coordinator

SHIPPING FEB 6

GRENDEL #40

This 48-page extravaganza not only contains the climactic conclusion to the current Grendel story line, but features a special preview of Comico's new Grendel Tales series on its flip side! Structured like the old Ace doubles, this issue begins with the end—the end of the current Grendel-Khan, that is, as Orion Assante passes the mantle of leadership onto his newborn heir, the son of the devil! Meanwhile, Pellon Cross gets fat and sassy, even as Grendel-Palace is under siege. Can the vampire king survive the attack, from both without and within the Palace walls? This shocking finish to our seven-issue run is written by Grendel creator **Matt Wagner,** pencilled and inked by **Tim Sale,** lettered by **Kurt Hathaway,** hand-painted by **Bernie Mireault,** and edited by **Diana Schutz.**

And on the flip side, the acclaimed writer of *Kafka* and *The Amazon,* **Steve Seagle,** chronicles the very first Grendel Tale, as student Marcus Brand finds himself a victim of "Devil Worship," in a story that disturbingly echoes the recent Beijing massacre — even though it was written about two weeks prior to the terrible events in China. Joining **Steve Seagle** at the creative helm is artist **Ho Anderson,** an exciting and talented newcomer to the field, soon to be snapped up by the major leagues, once they get an eyeful of his work here! **Bernie Mireault** handles the painted color and **Diana Schutz** takes care of the editing.

No ads, no hype pages — just 48 pages of solid gold storytelling. *Harsh language and some nudity. Parental Guidance Suggested.*

48 pgs. $3.50 U.S. $4.25 CAN.

SHIPPING FEB 13

ELEMENTALS #12

From the Oblivion Planet — that weird, new world that recently appeared from behind the moon — comes the Elementals' latest and most dangerous foe, whose desire is to rid the Earth of all its paranormals. Naturally, our heroes don't see eye-to-eye with this dominator's plans, and the result is the beginning of a super-war that will rock the pages of *Elementals* for the months to come. *Justice League America* and *The MAZE Agency* artist **Adam Hughes** joins creator/writer **Bill Willingham** this issue as guest penciller, aided by guest inker **Bill Anderson,** letterer **Kurt Hathaway,** colorist **Julia Lacquement,** and the guy they all seem to keep in perpetual oblivion, editor **Michael Eury.** Wraparound cover art by **Adam Hughes.** *Contains graphic violence.*

32 pgs. $2.50 U.S. $3.00 CAN.

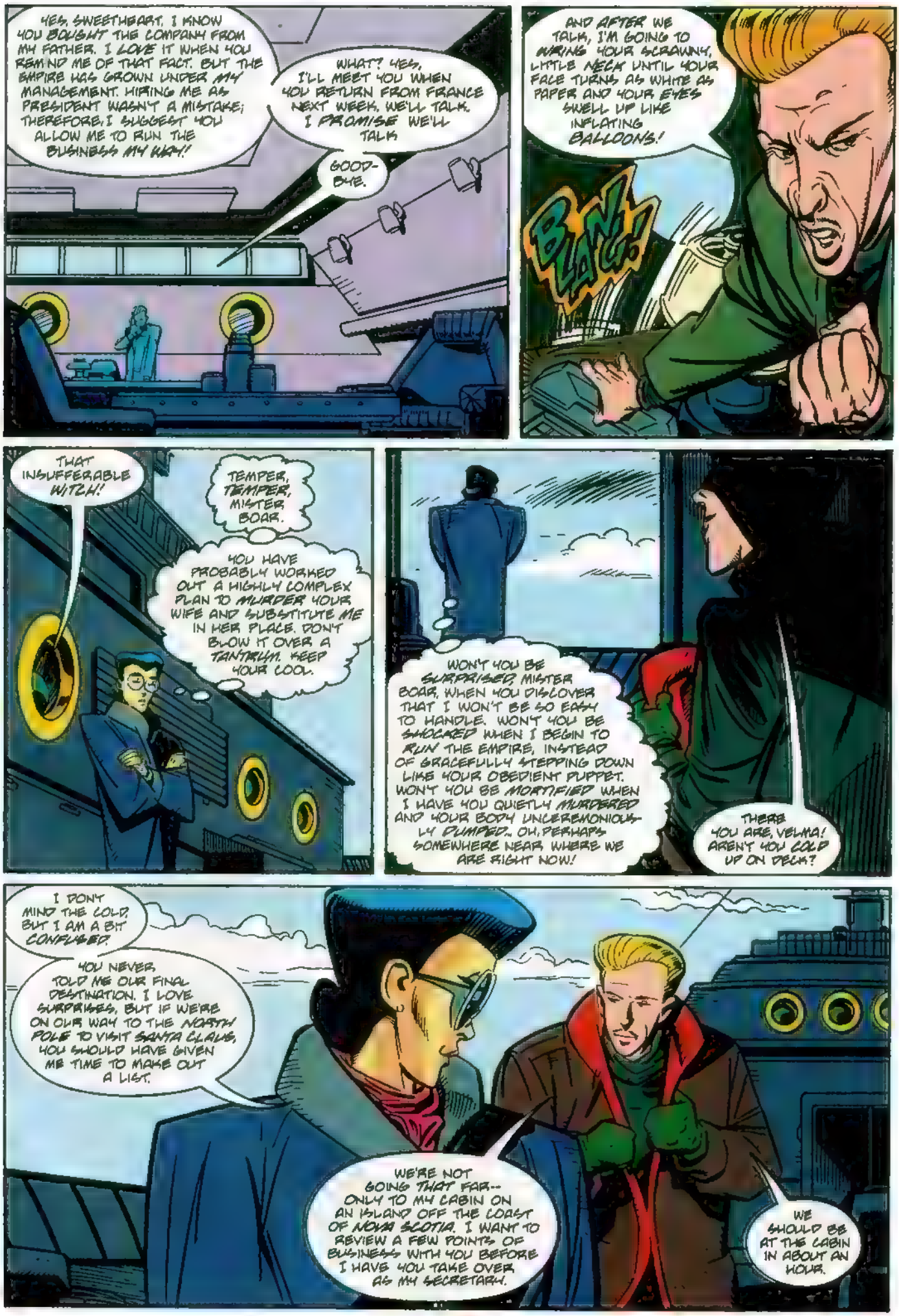
SHIPPING FEB 27

E-MAN #2

On a quest for his Mother Star, Arcturus, our chivalrous hero E-Man arrives on a planet of warfare and befriends Sir Mel, a gallant knight. Troubled by the constant battle zone, the duo depart to a peaceful planet where Sir Mel falls in love with a beautiful, young princess. Unfortunately, she's about to make the ultimate sacrifice to a terrifying monster! Meanwhile, dark shapes still hover menacingly around Arcturus as E-man and his companions discover "The Price of Paradise." This second book of a three-issue miniseries is co-created and written by **Nicola Cuti,** co-created and illustrated by **Joe Staton,** lettered by **Willie Schubert,** colored by **Rick Taylor,** and edited by **Shelly Roeberg.** Wraparound cover art is courtesy of **Joe Staton.**

32 pgs. $2.50 U.S. $3.00 CAN.

I CAN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE, CAN I? DOES VIOLENCE FOLLOW YOU EVERYWHERE?
LIKE CHEAP PERFUME ON A HOOKER
YES, DEAR. I KNOW I'VE TAKEN A FEW DAYS OFF WITHOUT TELLING YOU, BUT THE BUSINESS CAN SURVIVE A FEW DAYS WITHOUT US.
LIGHT! THEY MUST HAVE STARTED UP THE AUXILIARY ENGINE.
THE AUXILIARY WOULD HAVE KICKED IN RIGHT AWAY. THOSE ARE THE MAIN ENGINES RUNNING, AND THEY CAN'T BE OPERATING WITH HER. SHE'S HOLDING ALL OF THEIR POWER OUT HERE.
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY MIKE?
I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE WATCHING OVER US. IF I DIDN'T KNOW HOW ILL SHE WAS, I'D SWEAR IT WAS VAMFIRE.
YOU'RE GETTING TOO MYSTICAL, MY FRIEND. THERE'S NOBODY DOWN HERE BUT YOU AND ME AND NOTHING UP THERE EXCEPT FOR TONS OF WATER AND TROUBLE.

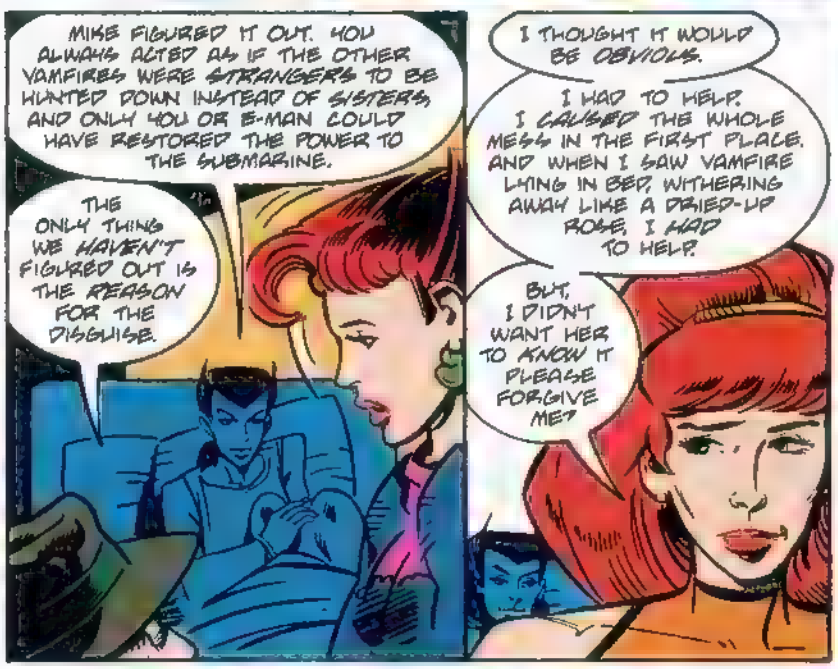

YES, SWEETHEART, I KNOW YOU BOUGHT THE COMPANY FROM MY FATHER. I LOVE IT WHEN YOU REMIND ME OF THAT FACT. BUT THE EMPIRE HAS GROWN UNDER MY MANAGEMENT. HIRING ME AS PRESIDENT WASN'T A MISTAKE; THEREFORE, I SUGGEST YOU ALLOW ME TO RUN THE BUSINESS MY WAY!
WHAT? YES, I'LL MEET YOU WHEN YOU RETURN FROM FRANCE NEXT WEEK. WE'LL TALK. I PROMISE WE'LL TALK
GOOD-BYE.
AND AFTER WE TALK, I'M GOING TO WRING YOUR SCRAWNY, LITTLE NECK UNTIL YOUR FACE TURNS AS WHITE AS PAPER AND YOUR EYES SWELL UP LIKE INFLATING BALLOONS!
BLAM!
THAT INSUFFERABLE WITCH!
TEMPER, TEMPER, MISTER BOAR.
YOU HAVE PROBABLY WORKED OUT A HIGHLY COMPLEX PLAN TO MURDER YOUR WIFE AND SUBSTITUTE ME IN HER PLACE. DON'T BLOW IT OVER A TANTRUM. KEEP YOUR COOL.
WON'T YOU BE SURPRISED, MISTER BOAR, WHEN YOU DISCOVER THAT I WON'T BE SO EASY TO HANDLE. WON'T YOU BE SHOCKED WHEN I BEGIN TO RUN THE EMPIRE, INSTEAD OF GRACEFULLY STEPPING DOWN LIKE YOUR OBEDIENT PUPPET. WON'T YOU BE MORTIFIED WHEN I HAVE YOU QUIETLY MURDERED AND YOUR BODY UNCEREMONIOUSLY DUMPED.. OH, PERHAPS SOMEWHERE NEAR WHERE WE ARE RIGHT NOW!
THERE YOU ARE, VELMA! AREN'T YOU COLD UP ON DECK?
I DON'T MIND THE COLD, BUT I AM A BIT CONFUSED.
YOU NEVER TOLD ME OUR FINAL DESTINATION. I LOVE SURPRISES, BUT IF WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE NORTH POLE TO VISIT SANTA CLAUS, YOU SHOULD HAVE GIVEN ME TIME TO MAKE OUT A LIST.
WE'RE NOT GOING THAT FAR-- ONLY TO MY CABIN ON AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF NOVA SCOTIA. I WANT TO REVIEW A FEW POINTS OF BUSINESS WITH YOU BEFORE I HAVE YOU TAKE OVER AS MY SECRETARY.
WE SHOULD BE AT THE CABIN IN ABOUT AN HOUR.

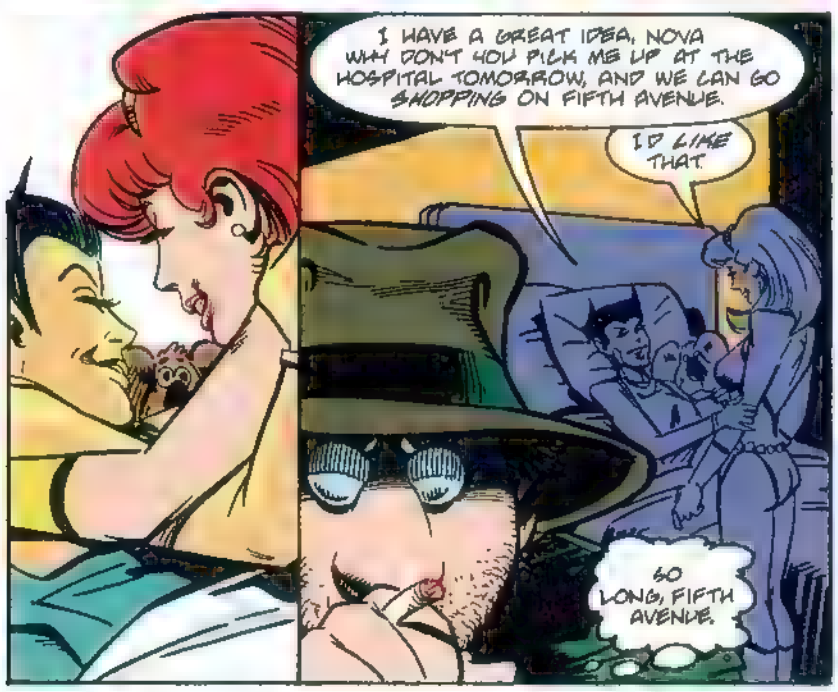
AN HOUR LATER...
CABIN! YOU CALL THAT A CABIN? IT PRACTICALLY COVERS THE ENTIRE ISLAND!
I SUPPOSE IT WOULD MORE ACCURATELY BE CALLED A LODGE, BUT IT'S A SMALL LODGE. ONLY THIRTY-TWO ROOMS.
MAGNIFICENT!
WHY DON'T YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND TAKE A SHOWER AND A NAP. DINNER WON'T BE READY FOR SEVERAL HOURS.
AND WHO WILL BE LOOKING DINNER? SINCE I'VE BEEN WITH YOU, I'VE NOTICED YOU HAVE VERY FEW SERVANTS AND YOU ALWAYS BLOCK THEIR VIEW OF ME.
THERE'S NOTHING SINISTER ABOUT MY LACK OF SERVANTS. MY HOME, MY YACHT, AND MY LODGE ARE FILLED WITH AUTOMATIC DEVICES. I HAVE PRACTICALLY NO NEED FOR SERVANTS.
OH!
NOTICE, VELMA, THAT HE DIDN'T ANSWER YOUR SECOND QUESTION.
HELLO, VERONICA? THIS IS VELMA. I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT HIDEAWAY FOR YOU AND THE GIRLS. GET A HOLD OF VALERIE AND THE OTHERS, AND COME RIGHT OVER. I'LL GIVE YOU DIRECTIONS...

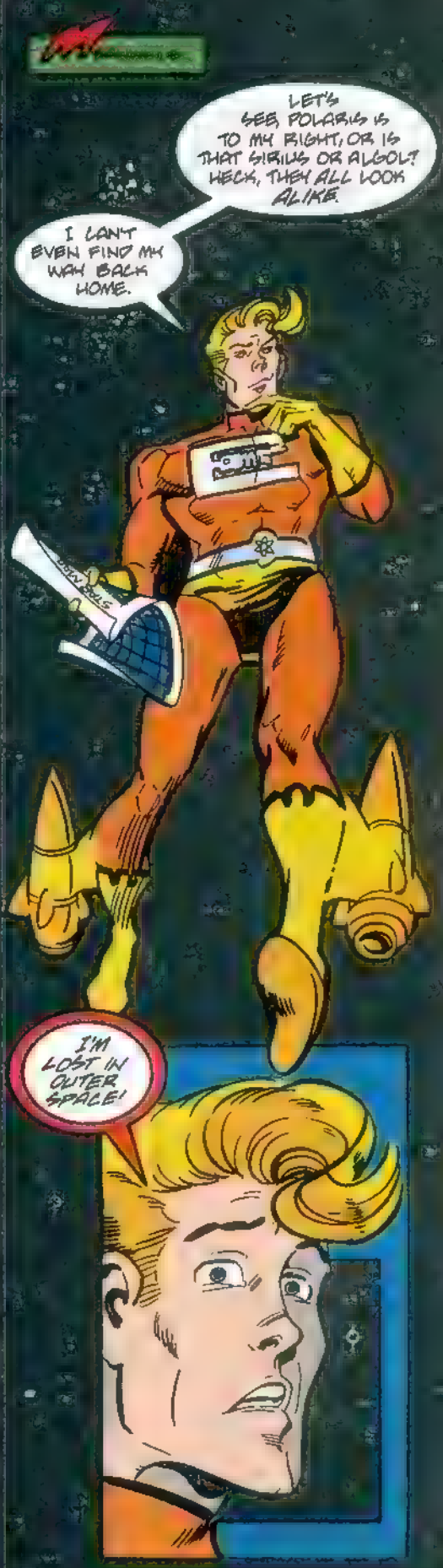
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS...
THIS TIME YOU'VE REALLY LED ME ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE! THERE ARE NO HUGE SOURCES OF ENERGY WHERE WE'RE HEADING.
THAT'S TRUE, BUT THE FEELINGS ARE STRONGER THAN EVER BEFORE. IT'S AS IF THERE ARE SEVERAL OF THEM CONVERGING IN ONE PLACE.
MIKE, I HAVEN'T BEEN WRONG YET, HAVE I? TRUST ME!
FAMOUS LAST WORDS. YOU'RE ON, KID. DON'T MAKE ME REGRET IT.
VILLE de SCHUTZ
I REGRET IT. I REGRET IT.
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT IS THERE ANYTHING OUT THERE TO THE EAST?
NEWFYS RULE
NOT MUCH, MON AMI. ZURST A FEW LUMPS OF SOD AND WATTER. ZEE ONLY ISLAND SHE IS NOT INHABITED AT THEEZE TIME OF YEAR.
I'M HEADING SOUTH AND I'M NOT STOPPING UNTIL I REACH FLORIDA!
ZEE ISLAND IS... LET ME THEENK...
NEVER MIND
...AH, I HAVE EET! BOAR ISLAND!
DID HE SAY BOAR?!
YEAH. DOES THE NAME MEAN SOMETHING?
SURE DOES. WHEREVER THERE'S BOAR, THERE ARE ALWAYS HUGE SOURCES OF ENERGY.
I CAN TAKE YOU TO ZEE ISLAND EEF YOU LIKE

THIS IS VERY NICE--THE FIREPLACE, THE CANDLES--BUT I THINK THIS WOULD BE THE IDEAL TIME TO BRING UP THE ACTUAL REASON WHY YOU HIRED ME.
YOU SEE, MISTER BOAR, I KNOW YOUR PLANS.
MY PLANS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, I... I DIDN'T WISH TO COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY IT... BUT... YOU PLAN TO KILL YOUR WIFE AND REPLACE HER WITH ME.
HA-HA-HA-HA!
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT MANY TIMES, BUT I COULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT. SHE KNOWS HOW MUCH I DESPISE HER, AND SHE HAS TAKEN SAFEGUARDS... LEGAL SAFEGUARDS AGAINST SUCH A POSSIBILITY.
BUT I COULD FIND SOMEONE WHO RESEMBLES CASSANDRA. I MIGHT DRESS THE POOR, LITTLE FOOL IN CASSANDRA'S CLOTHES, LURE HER TO SOME LONELY LODGE, AND THEN KILL HER INSTEAD OF CASSANDRA.
I'M NOT CASSANDRA! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
OH, LORD! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!
I WOULD HAVE ALL OF THE PLEASURE AND NONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF SQUEEZING THE LIFE FROM YOUR WRITHING FORM, WOULDN'T I, CASSANDRA?

DON'T YOU WANT TO TALK, CASSANDRA? DON'T YOU WANT TO TELL ME AGAIN HOW YOU OWN ALL THAT MY FATHER HAS BUILT FOR ME? YOUR FACE IS TURNING WHITE, CASSANDRA, AND YOUR EYES ARE BLOWING UP LIKE BALLOONS. DON'T YOU WANT TO TALK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE?
WHA...? WHO'S THERE?
GREEEAK!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OUR SISTER?
WHAT ARE ZOS AWFUL SCREEMS? AND ZOS BLUE FLASHES? SACRE BLEU!
I'VE SEEN SOMETHING LIKE IT BEFORE... IN GILLETTE, WYOMING.
TWO DAYS LATER AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL...
YOU SEEM BACK TO YOUR NORMAL, BLUE SELF, VAMFIRE. THE DOC SAYS YOU CAN LEAVE TOMORROW.


MIKE FIGURED IT OUT. YOU ALWAYS ACTED AS IF THE OTHER VAMPIRES WERE STRANGERS TO BE HUNTED DOWN INSTEAD OF SISTERS, AND ONLY YOU OR E-MAN COULD HAVE RESTORED THE POWER TO THE SUBMARINE.
THE ONLY THING WE HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT IS THE REASON FOR THE DISGUISE.
I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE OBVIOUS.
I HAD TO HELP. I CAUSED THE WHOLE MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE. AND WHEN I SAW VAMPIRE LYING IN BED, WITHERING AWAY LIKE A DRIED-UP ROSE, I HAD TO HELP!
BUT, I DIDN'T WANT HER TO KNOW IT PLEASE FORGIVE ME?


I HAVE A GREAT IDEA, NOVA WHY DON'T YOU PICK ME UP AT THE HOSPITAL TOMORROW, AND WE CAN GO SHOPPING ON FIFTH AVENUE.
I'D LIKE THAT.
SO LONG, FIFTH AVENUE.


LET'S SEE, POLARIS IS TO MY RIGHT, OR IS THAT SIRIUS OR ALGOL? HECK, THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE.
I CAN'T EVEN FIND MY WAY BACK HOME.
I'M LOST IN OUTER SPACE!

NEXT ISSUE:
the PRICE of PARADISE

HEY! I'M
LOST IN SPACE!
On a spontaneous quest for his Mother Star, E-Man takes an unexpected detour. Nicola Cuti and Joe Staton tell a fable of life and death that's outta this world!
STAR MAP
COMICO
E-man™
#2 of a three-issue mini-series
Available in February $2.50
E-MAN TM and © 1990 Joe Staton

SEND ALL LETTERS, TIPS, AND RECIPES TO: 1547 DeKALB ST. NORRISTOWN, PA 19401

Dear Comico,

Have I got a deal for you. If you will be so kind as to print more *E-Man*, I will buy more *E-Man*.

I have waited a few years for the return of this title, and I am now looking forward to seeing Alec Tronn and friends on a regular basis. However, please keep a few things in mind: E-Man has only one costume that he wears at any given time. Very seldom does he change from his traditional orange togs to a red union suit in the middle of a story. I think this has something to do with a secret agreement with Plastic Man.

Did you also notice that none of the major characters had anything to do with the resolution of the story's crisis (bad pun)? General Dove and Vamfire were simply window dressing, and E-Man and Nova were merely victims. The only one to accomplish anything was Teddy Q., and all he did was bus tables.

Even though I had a few complaints, I still loved the book.

Energetically yours,
Gregory Kile
Allentown, PA

— You are right, Greg, about the major characters not having anything to do with the resolution of the story, but as in real life and in many classic tales, heroes are confronted with situations so overwhelming that they are reduced to mere observers of the predicament. Besides, in *E-Man*, Joe and I are trying to bring you something a bit different from the usual Superhero "A" vanquishes Villain "B" tripe. Villains of PATHOS. Worlds of the BIZARRE. Stories which provoke THOUGHT and CONFUSION . . . Uh, CONTROVERSY. We'll deliver more such worlds except for—*ESCHER*. Joe threatened to kill me if I wrote another panel like page nine in "Quark and the Real World."

Dear Mr. Cuti,

E-Man always intrigued me. I remember reading most of the first ten Charlton issues, but the one put out by Comico is the first I've read since. More than the endless possibilities embodied by his powers, E-Man always had that slightly skewed sense of reality: he seemed to know he was a comic-book character, yet the stories never lapsed into self-parody or muckish satire. Joe's art, too, is singular: it doesn't try to be a mirror of reality. It's comic-book art, but good comic-book art.

I do have ulterior motives: I know your brother, Emil. I grew up next door to his wife, Billie Jean, in the great hinterland of Connecticut. It wasn't until this past Christmas when our families had breakfast together, that I learned what his last name was and that you were his brother (I think you may have called on the phone while we were eating; that's how it came up). Anyway, I was intrigued since I remembered you from the old Charlton days, and wondered what you were up to. Now I know (sort of). Comic books were always a great love of mine and still are, I guess, but in a much narrower sense. Getting into the business was an early dream, but I drifted into newspaper work instead, which is where I languish now.

Must add that I was ecstatic to see Mauser back. True confession time: he was always my favorite back-up feature (that was when Charlton was the only comic company with back-up features, of course). I'm a big devotee of film noir and 50s' crime novels, so he kinda fits right in.

Anyway, hope to see another issue on the stands soon. Good luck and all that.

Tim Wood
Chatham, MA

— So that was *YOU* rattling those plates in the background while I was trying to talk to my brother and sister-in-law. My brother lives in the swamps of Georgia while I live in the Mojave Desert, so our phone reception isn't always the best. As for Mike Mauser, there are big things in store for our stoic P.I., but Shelly would hammer my head to a pulp with my own Smith Corona (no relation to Smith and Wesson) if I said any more.

Dear Michael Eury,

You asked for reader support, well, here it is. BRING BACK E-MAN!

I guess I can't state it much plainer than that. *E-Man* is a refreshing book in a sea of paranoid detectives and neurotic supermen. The subtle humor is complemented by an intelligent writer who puts references to Sarte and Dali in a comic book. I have read other *E-Man* series and look forward to a new one at Comico.

Please don't let *E-Man* fade away. Bring him back to a regular series. I've made my friends buy copies and told them to write letters. Take a chance and BRING BACK E-MAN!

You can't steal second with one foot on first.

Sincerely,
Michael Pusateri
Harbor City, CA

— Michael, you've commented on a very important point concerning the *E-Man* story lines. They are peppered with references to science and literature since I know that comic readers are usually book readers as well. I do this with hopes that the reader will become inspired to seek out the bram stoker's "lair of the white worm" texts which I subtly mention here carl sagan's "broca's brain" and there and double their lawrence gowing's "turner: imagination and reality" reading pleasure. But I also try to give the reader a rip-roaring story as well.

Dear Editor,

E-Man is a breath of fresh air — completely in the spirit of the original series, as was intended. I loved it. As for a regular series . . . GO FOR IT!!! I rate this a 10 all the way.

Jacob Gilbert
Troy, NY

— Thanks for your letter, Jacob, but I wish your remarks weren't so VAGUE. Did you like the issue or not?

— Nicola Cuti

Dear Nick, Joe, Rick, Michael, and indeed, all at Comico,

So, you want to know if people want *E-Man* back? Well, I do for one. As a fan of the energy-man (and Nova!) from way back, I was really pleased to read in *Comic Shop News* that he was returning, albeit only for a one-shot, and promptly went and put the title onto my standing order — no way was I going to miss that! I realize that North American sales are what will make or break the book (as always), but I thought you ought to know that there are fans in other parts of the world — and as an expatriate Austrailian now living in the U.K., I cover a fair bit of those "other parts."

And so to *E-Man* #1 No. 3 (...er ...well, you know what I mean...): the comment that most powerfully springs to mind is that it was like coming home. This is *E-Man* the way he should be done — by Nick Cuti, with, no doubt, help from Joe. Which is not to say that the First run was a complete disaster. I had always seen *E-Man* as a book that combined super-heroics with comedy and a little gentle satire (e.g. "The Energy Crisis"), so Pasko's more barbed style wasn't too much of a departure, even if he did go overboard sometimes.

Of course, the First issues would appear to be of dubious validity now. Alec and Nova (and presumably, Mauser) are back in New York City (Xanadu U., etc.), as if they had never left; *but,* there are several references throughout "Quark" to Nova losing her powers, so some of the second run must be included in the "accepted canon." Could I make a plea here for a tale, or even a few throwaway lines in future issues to sort this out — confusion of this sort bugs me. I won't shed too many tears for Chicago, Channel 99, Donald Duck et al., although I would love to see Randarr return, but they should at least be swept neatly(?) under the carpet. While you're at it, Nick might like to give some thought to reconciling the two different accounts of Mauser's youth that First published.

If "Quark and the Real World" is typical of the stories that Nick (and Joe?) can come up with, then I can look forward to some great reading when (I refuse to say *if*) E-Man returns. Vamfire is a welcomed addition, particularly with that "cultured" (Zsa Zsa Gabor?) accent, and I happily anticipate her continuing to get in the way, neutralizing E-Man and squabbling with Nova — hey, this sounds like fun!

Joe's artwork was up to the standards that I remember from the Charlton days; I always felt that the First issues left something to be desired in this respect. In fact, I have only one complaint about the art, which also dates back to the later First issues — what's happened to Nova's figure?? Once upon a time, our favorite redhead was indisputably the sexiest, *curviest* woman in comics; she's not bad now, but compared to those halcyon days, she looks like she has just spent six months on a starvation diet. Let's have Nova back the way she should be — *stacked!*

So, there you have it: do I want *E-Man* back? YES! Did I buy the one-shot? YES!! Will I buy the book if Comico prints it? YES!!! Do you get the feeling that I'm trying to tell you something? (well, do you?)

Yours faithfully,
Phillip Atcliffe
Middlesex, U.K.

— In terms of continuity, I figure the presence of the Reality Arranger covers many problems. How about this scenario: until a few weeks before the start of the Special, E-Man, Nova, and crew were still ensconced at Channel 99 in Chicago. It happened that Channel 99 was carried on the cable at Xanadu U. and that's where Quark became fascinated with Nova, and why he focused one of his first trials of the machine on her. The result was that overnight, she and all of our cast (who just happened to be guests on the show that day) were suddenly back in NY pretty much the way they used to be. Nova just didn't have her powers anymore. And we picked up from there.

In practical terms, Nick has never read more than the first couple of issues in the First run, and so he doesn't really know what happened in that incarnation. The only real problem is that Teddy Q. evolved a bit in those issues and I tend to be attached to the critter as he was there. One of these days I'm going to have to talk to Nick about Captain Koala.

As to Nova, you're right and it's my fault. In some of the markets I produce material for, there are very strict standards of political correctness in portraying females and minority groups, and over the years, I've internalized a lot of those standards. I automatically drop black people and Orientals into crowd scenes, and I automatically, these days, reduce women characters' proportions to more modest dimensions. But you've reminded me that being politically correct can sometimes show disrespect for the character rather than respect for the group.

Joe and Nick,

It was GREAT to see (and read) *E-Man* again. I *still* have the Charlton promo poster on my wall. (Really). More *E-Man?* Hell yes.

Thank you,
Charles E. Cascone
Roselle, NJ

— Wow, Charles, talk about different versions of a character! That poster is just about the only place *E-Man* actually appeared with the based-on-Robert-Redford face. He changed a lot in the course of actually producing the book. When I did the poster, we didn't realize just how peculiar things would turn out.

Dear Mr.'s Cuti, Staton, et al.,

Back in the summer of 1973, I was one of a small minority who not only bought a copy of Charlton's *E-Man* #1, but also heard about it prior to its newsstand release and was *waiting* for it. That doesn't make me any better of a fan of *E-Man* than anybody else. It just means . . . I was there when it all started. *E-Man* has a history within my comic-book collection memories, I kinda grew up with that character hanging around.

We all grow and acquire different tastes. We all expand and understand more as we get older (er . . . let's assume SOME of us DO . . .) and when it comes to the past, we tend to become historically and nostalgically "selective." You look back at comics, for example, and throw away the proverbial "Lois Lane" or "Journey into Mystery" reprint but hold on to runs of "Herbie" or "Spacehawk" stories. I've done this kind of "selective saving" every few years, but there are some titles, some characters, some single issues of comic books you just KNOW you will NEVER trade, sell, or throw away. *E-Man* is no exception. I'm saving all the Charlton work, bar none. This brings us up to the Comico one-shot. I guess what I'm trying to say here is, "Thanks Nick, thanks Joe" (and thanks Comico!) . . . thanks for the *E-Man* of the PAST. Thanks for once again being able to present E-Man the way he should be . . . the way he was meant to be.

I'm 32 years old now and I don't buy all that many new titles anymore, yet I'm "into" comics as much as I ever was. I'll never stop. I've just found out how to be selective. Now I don't HAVE TO WAIT to "look back" ten years later and say, "God! How did I ever BUY THIS?!" Now I just seem to KNOW what's good.

What's so good about *E-Man's* return is that it's a little of both — a classic from the past and a classic in the present. This latest story is proof that if you remain true to your original ideas and constantly try to keep it fresh, you can't help but turn out a high-quality product. I guess that's what it's all about: consistency. Keep it alive, guys . . . it's worth it. *E-Man* . . . welcome back

Very sincerely,
Dave Singer
Minneapolis, MN

— Dave, you threw away "Lois Lane?" Thanks for mentioning us in such illustrious company.

— Joe Staton